LEO BURNETT COMPANY, *Inc.*

Ad No. 1505—Req. No. 24031—26 inches—B&W—2 cols. x 13 in.—College Newspapers, Week of December 10, 1962 (B)

Printed in U.S.A.

Column No. 10

20610339 45

DECK THE HALLS

When you think of Christmas gifts you naturally think of Marlboro cigarettes, leading seller in flip-top box in all fifty states—and if we annex Wales, in all fifty-one—and if we annex Lapland—in all fifty-two. This talk about annexing Wales and Lapland is, incidentally, not just idle speculation. Great Britain wants to trade Wales to the United States for a desert. Great Britain needs a desert desperately on account of the tourist trade. Tourists are always coming up to the Prime Minister or the Lord Privy Seal or like that and saying, "I'm not knocking your country, mind you. It's very quaint and picturesque, etc. what with Buckingham Palace and Bovril and Scotland Yard, etc., but where's your desert?" (Before I forget, let me point out that Scotland Yard, Britain's plain-clothes police branch, was named after Wally Scotland and Fred Yard who invented plain clothes. The American plain-clothes force is called the FBI after Frank B. Inchcliff, who invented fingerprints. Before Mr. Inchcliff's invention, everybody's fingers were absolutely glassy smooth. This, as you may imagine, played hob with the identification of newborn babies in hospitals. From 1791 until 1904 no American parent

ever brought home the right baby from the hospital. This later became known as the Black Tom Explosion.)

But I digress. England, I was saying, wants to trade Wales for a desert. Sweden wants to trade Lapland for Frank B. Inchcliff. The reason is that Swedes to this day still don't have fingerprints. As a result, identification of babies in Swedish hospitals is so haphazard that Swedes flatly refuse to bring their babies home. There are, at present, nearly a half-billion unclaimed babies in Swedish hospitals—some of them well over eighty years old.

But I digress. We were speaking of Christmas gifts which naturally put us in mind of Marlboro cigarettes. What could be more welcome at Christmas time than Marlboro's flavor, Marlboro's soft pack, Marlboro's flip-top box? What indeed would be more welcome at any time of year—winter or summer, rain or shine, night or day? Any time, any season, when you light a Marlboro you can always be certain that you will get the same mild, flavorful, completely comfortable smoke.

There are, of course, other things you can give for Christmas besides Marlboro cigarettes. If, for example, you are looking for something to give a music lover, let me call to your attention a revolutionary new development in phonographs—the Low-fi phonograph. The Low-fi, product of years of patient research, has so little fidelity to the record you put on it that if, for instance, you put "Stardust" on the turntable, "Melancholy Baby" will come out. This is an especially welcome gift for people who have grown tired of "Stardust".

Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night.

© 1962 Max Shulman

* * *

The makers of Marlboro cigarettes, who take pleasure in bringing you this column throughout the school year, wish to join old Max in extending greetings of the Season.

Source: https://www.industrydocuments.ucsf.edu/docs/[illegible]

2061033945